

Newport Mercury

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching to many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Subscription: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication, and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

Our New Serial.

"A Transferred Identity" by Edith Sessions Tupper will be commenced in these columns next week. Every one should read this thrilling story of a double, for it abounds in mystery and pathos, strange scenes and startling situations. The story is well written, the characters are strong and lifelike, and the plot is developed in a masterful manner. Be sure to read it. It begins in the Mercury next week.

Friends Yearly Meeting.

The opening session of the Friends' Yearly Meeting was held Thursday morning at the Friends' Meeting House on Marlboro and Farnsworth streets. The meeting was on "Ministry and Oversight" and began with devotional exercises. Prayers were offered by Phoebe R. Gifford of Providence, John Newlin of Maine, Mary M. Meredith of Indiana, Laurella Pim of Ohio and Fernando Carliland of New York and remarks were made by David J. Douglas of Maine. Fifty-eight delegates were present from the nine quarterly meetings constituting the yearly meeting, as follows:—Thirteen from Rhode Island, nine from Salem, nine from Sudbury, nine from Falmouth, eight from Smithfield, ten from Vassalboro, six from Dover, four from Fairfield, and six from Parsonsfield. In the evening a public meeting for worship and a representative meeting were held. Yesterday the meetings held were on "Discipline," the reports of the boarding schools and educational committees were received and in the evening there was a meeting for public worship. The services today are a devotional meeting and joint service to receive the report of the committees on Gospel Work and Peace this morning and in the afternoon and evening the Foreign Mission Committee on Western Indians and the Society of Christian Endeavor will meet.

Tomorrow will be June Meeting Sunday and only devotional services will be held. The services for next week are:—Monday, Devotional meeting; Tuesday, Yearly meeting for discipline; Wednesday, F. M. Society; Joint session report of Bible School committee and Freedmen; and Public meeting of the W. F. M. S. Tuesday Devotional meeting; Yearly meeting for discipline; Joint session, reading records of representative meeting and report of committee on Mosher fund; and Joint session; report of temperance committee. Wednesday Devotional meeting; Yearly meeting for discipline; Public meeting for worship; Thursday Devotional meeting; Public meeting for discipline and Yearly meeting—3 p. m.

New Studio Opened.

Miss Susan P. Swinburne, who has recently opened a studio for china painting on Church street, gave a reception to her friends Wednesday afternoon, a large number of whom availed themselves of the opportunity to examine her work. Miss Swinburne, who has been pursuing her studies under the celebrated china painter, Cobden, of Philadelphia, made a charming display of cups, saucers, plates, vases, creamers, vases, etc., in dainty shapes and painted in most exquisite designs and colorings. Miss Swinburne now has but one class, but she has opened her studio with the expectation of increasing the number. The studio, itself, is very prettily fitted up with rugs, pictures and other studio accessories, and the handsome display of china and the charming young artist who so deftly exhibits and explains the beauties of the same, make it indeed a pleasant spot to visit.

Miss Grace M. Gooding of Boston has been the guest of Miss Edith Tilley on Rhode Island avenue this week.

The children of the First Methodist Sunday School will give a concert in the church tomorrow evening.

Propagating Lobsters.

Mr. J. M. K. Southwick has on exhibition at his place of business on Thames street seven lobsters that are attracting considerable interest. They are not very large, although fully formed. They are all depicted in a small vial containing about a thimbleful of alcohol. The interest which they excite is not due to their diminutiveness, however, but rather to the fact that they are the first results of a system adopted by the state for the propagation of lobsters.

Mr. Southwick is chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of this state and what he is now showing in a small vial at his store is a product of his work under the following resolution which passed the General Assembly April 27, 1893:

Resolved, That the sum of \$500, or so much thereof as may be necessary, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of seed lobsters and for the purpose of encouraging the growth and propagation of lobsters in this state, said sum to be expended under the direction of the chairman of the commissioners of inland fisheries of this state, and the State Auditor is hereby authorized to draw his order on the general treasury for said sum or so much thereof as may be necessary upon the presentation of properly authenticated vouchers.

Immediately upon the passage of the above resolution Mr. Southwick began the work of carrying it out. He had constructed an apparatus, already described in The Mercury, consisting of a large float with cars for the preservation of seed lobsters and incubators for the hatching of eggs taken from lobsters that can not be retained the length of time necessary for natural hatching.

Thus far, of course, the work is only an experiment, but the results already attained prove the practicability of the plan and when the commissioner makes his report it is probable that it will be with a recommendation for its continuance on a larger scale.

The lobster, which has always been a leading article of diet here, is rapidly growing in popularity everywhere, and the object of the state is to keep up or if possible increase the supply. The shipments from this port alone, and home consumption, have been for the past five years, about 15,000 barrels or 2,000,000 lobsters, and allowing one out of every five to be a berried female with 15,000 eggs, which is considered a low estimate, we find that at least three billion of lobsters have been destroyed within that period in these waters alone.

Mr. Southwick's plan is to save this enormous amount of life and includes a method of stripping the eggs from the berried females when caught, hatching them by artificial means and returning them to the water as seed lobsters. It is estimated that at least seventy-five per cent. of the waste may thus be saved.

Two Accidents.

Saturday morning Mr. Abner F. Lawton of Middletown drove to this city, accompanied by his two sons, aged nine and eleven years, respectively. While Mr. Lawton was enroute in a customer's house on Broadway the horse became frightened and started across the street, throwing the two lads out. He then dashed along to Thames street where he was stopped by coming in collision with G. F. Lavery & Co.'s fruit wagon. The children, in the mean time, had been picked up and carried into Mr. W. H. Lawton's, in front of whose house they had been thrown. Dr. Eeroysd was called and it was found that the eldest had sustained a compound fracture of one leg and the other was badly cut and bruised about the face and head. They were taken to their home in Middletown in the police ambulance.

Tuesday morning while on his way to school, the eight year old son of Mr. Alexander Thompson was "hitching" on the rear of a drag. When near Equality Park the little fellow dropped off and ran directly under a horse which was driven by Mr. Low's coachman, and before the driver could stop his horse passing over his leg, that member was broken just above the ankle. He was taken to his home on Channing street and later to the Hospital.

Mr. Michael Dynan, the popular barber on Touro street, and Miss Agnes Harrington, daughter of Mrs. Bridget Harrington and sister of Letter Carrier Harrington, were married at St. Mary's church Tuesday morning by Rev. Father Tully. The bride wore a handsome gown of white silk with tulle veil and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. She was attended by Miss Mary Sullivan, as bridesmaid, who wore pale lavender with hat trimmed with ostrich plumes, and carried pink roses. Mr. John H. Sullivan acted as best man. Professor Fredericks presided at the organ and rendered a charming programme of appropriate music. At the conclusion of the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's mother on Ann street, after which the happy couple left for a trip to New York and Washington.

Mrs. Henry E. Gifford is confined to the house with a sprained ankle.

EX-GOV. VAN ZANDT DEAD!

Brief Biographical Sketch of a Distinguished Career—Funeral Solemnized at Trinity Church on Thursday.
Ex-Governor Van Zandt is dead. His illness at the home of his brother-in-law, Rev. Samuel W. Duncan, D. D., in Brookline, Mass., which was first reported in The Mercury three weeks ago, resulted fatally on Monday morning. He had spent the winter at Lake-wood, N. J., as has been his custom for several years, but his residence there did not have the usual good effect upon his health and a few weeks ago he was carried to Brookline in a special car, accompanied by his physician. His condition since his return had been considered serious, but the announcement of his death was almost entirely unexpected and caused a severe shock to his fellow-citizens here where it was hoped to soon see his familiar figure again.

Gov. Van Zandt had not lived much in Newport for several years, most of his time being divided between Lake-wood and Middlefield Springs—the former in winter and the latter in summer—but he always retained his residence here and his love for the old place never diminished.

When, a few years ago, he sold his mansion on Pelham street he bought another beautiful place on Ayralt street, and spent here all the time which his health would allow, usually coming for a few weeks either in the spring or autumn, or both. It was one of these short home-comings that his fellow-citizens were anticipating when they received the sad intelligence that he had been removed from their midst forever.

Charles Collins Van Zandt was born in this city August 10, 1830, and was therefore, almost 64 years of age. He was of a highly distinguished ancestry, being descended on his father's side from one of the old Knickerbocker families who first settled Manhattan and on his mother's side from the founders of the Plymouth colony. His father, the late Edward Van Zandt, spent most of his life in New York, where he was born and where he died in 1893. His mother is still living and resides in Brooklyn with her son Edward who has a position in the New York Custom House. She is the daughter of the late Charles Collins, who was for nine years lieutenant governor of Rhode Island (from 1824 to 1833), and for whom Gov. Van Zandt was named. Gov. Collins was a native of Bristol, this state, but after entering public life he removed to Newport, the house of Major Bull, at the one-mile corner, which is still known as the "old Governor Collins house," being his residence.

Young Van Zandt was a great favorite with his grandfather Collins and much of his boyhood and early youth were spent under the tuition and within the paternal home of this illustrious ancestor. He attended the public schools of Newport and after a course at a preparatory school in New Jersey, went in 1847 to Trinity College, at Hartford, Conn. Graduating from Trinity in 1851, he began the study of law at Hartford in the office of Hon. Thomas G. Perkins, at that time District Attorney of Connecticut, but at length came to Rhode Island, and studied with Hon. Alfred Besworth, of Warren, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He was admitted to the bar at Newport in 1853, and commenced the practice of his profession here.

In 1855 he was elected City Solicitor of this city, and in the same year was chosen Clerk of the House of Representatives. Two years later, in 1857, he was elected a member of the Rhode Island Senate, and in 1858 was elected and made Speaker of the House. He was Speaker for two years at that time, and being re-elected to the House continuously, was again chosen to the position in 1856, 1857 and 1858, and again in 1871 and 1872.

In 1873 he was elected Lieutenant Governor to succeed the late Charles R. Butler, Democrat, and re-elected in 1874. In 1875 he was elected Governor, not after an exciting campaign, in which his opponent was the late Jeremiah B. Harnaby. His majority was 151 in a total vote of 24,453, the largest ever polled in the State up to that time. The next year he was re-elected against Isaac C. "Farmer" Lawrence, son of the famous jurist, but this time the total vote was only 10,700. The majority of Van Zandt was 2190. He was elected for the third time in 1879 over Thomas W. Segar of Westerly by a majority of 2731 in total of 15,958.

He was one of the few Governors of Rhode Island who could make a speech, deliver an oration or who ever indulged in writing of a literary character. The faculty of fluent utterance was his in an unusual degree, and he employed it to the best of his power, both before and after his public life. It was this undoubtedly which first brought him into prominence in his native state and it served him well in his large field of usefulness and even gave him national distinction.

In the campaign of 1874 he was called to stump the Middle states for Lincoln and Johnson, and he accompanied the late Oliver P. Morton of Indiana and George Booth of Ohio in their tour through that part of the country. He was also called to the stump in 1872, 1874 and 1880, and his work was highly appreciated. Under President Hayes he was offered the post of Minister to Russia but having been elected Governor of Rhode Island, he did not care to make the great change which his acceptance would entail. He was a delegate to the Republican Convention of 1868 and 1874, and both years was the Chairman of the State Delegation. The man's drift into literature was a

natural one, and did not mark the effect of struggling ambition. Only a few of his poems and addresses have ever been collected. The list of them is also incomplete. He delivered poems before the alumni of Brown University, Dartmouth College, Colby University and Waterville and Trinity Colleges, and an oration at the laying of the corner stone of the State Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. Poems were also written and read by him for the Army and the files of the Mercury containing many poetical sketches of special interest to Newport. Almost innumerable speeches were delivered by him at social and benevolent gatherings. He was a particularly happy post-prandial speaker and was always in great demand for this part of social entertainments while in office here.

On the 12th of February, 1893, he married Annette, daughter of the well-known poet, Albert G. Greene, one of the Presidents of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and widow of Charles Potter of Newport and Providence. Governor Brown sent the following telegram of sympathy to Mrs. Van Zandt Monday afternoon:

Mrs. Charles O. Van Zandt, Brookline, Mass.: Accept my profoundest sympathy. The whole State mourns with you the loss of one of its most beloved and honored citizens.

D. RUSSELL BROWN, Governor.

Providence, June 3, 1894.

The remains were brought to this city in charge of Mr. Cottrell and Thursday afternoon the funeral was solemnized from Trinity church in accordance with the ritual of the Episcopal Church, Rev. G. J. Magill, D. D., officiating and music being rendered by the regular choir of the church. The bearers were Governor D. Russell Brown, ex-Governor Henry Harnaby, Chief Justice Thomas Durfee, ex-Mayor Thomas Coggeshall, Mr. Marshall Woods and Colonel William J. Cozzens.

Prominent among those who had assembled to pay their last respects to the dead governor were noticed ex-Gov. Wetmore, ex-Gov. Bourne, Adjutant General Dyer, ex-Lieut. Gov. Bull, Major Bull, Hon. John Hays Powell, State Auditor Landers, Mayor Fearing, Judge Darius Baker, Mr. Geo. H. Norman, Col. John Nicholas Brown, Judge H. N. Ward, ex-Alderman Wm. B. Sherman, Rev. Chas. G. Gilliat, D. D., Col. A. Prescott Baker who had served on Gov. Van Zandt's personal staff, Mr. T. Pitman, Dr. Henry E. Turner, Dr. N. G. Stanton, Mr. Geo. C. Mason, Mr. Richard C. Derby, Hon. Charles H. Barwick, ex-Mayor R. S. Franklin, Mr. B. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rider, Mr. W. U. Carr, Mr. Joseph Northam, Mr. W. F. Peckham, Mr. E. P. Allen, ex-Chief of Police W. C. Congdon, Mr. Geo. H. Richardson, Mr. A. J. Ward, Mr. H. Marquand, Mr. James B. Brayton, Dr. V. Mott Francis, Hon. John H. Cozzens, Dr. H. R. Storer, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Anderson, Mr. C. Acton Ives, Mr. P. S. Walte, Mr. Wm. E. Dennis, Rev. Arthur Rogers, Rev. R. W. Wallace, Col. John C. Seabury and Dr. C. S. Povel.

The deceased was a member of St. John's Lodge of Masons, but the burial being private the order was represented only by individuals.

CITY COUNCIL.

Regular Meeting Tuesday Night—A Long Driven Out Session—\$200 for 4th of July—Routine Business.

The City Council held its regular June meeting Tuesday evening, His Honor, Mayor Fearing, presiding over the Board of Aldermen and Mr. President Comstock over the Common Council.

The report of the Finance Committee was read and received and on its recommendation the following bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations:

City Asylum	\$ 426 77
Watch and Police	153 13
For Department	306 00
Board of Health	81 10
Public Parks	236 28
Public Schools	220 00
Judicial and Ministerial Fund	80 81
Public Buildings	40 05
Fire Department	2,584 07
Public School	2,584 07
Streets and Highways	2,100 28
Sewers	131 03
Waterworks	129 74
Lighting Streets	2,253 67
Townsend Industrial School	16 26
Dog Fund	253 10
Public Grounds	15 21
Removal of House Offal	62 02
Touro Ministerial and Cemetery Fund	11 09
Touro Synagogue Fund	10 90
Locks, Stationery and Printing	87 75
Incidentals	538 24
Total	\$30,333 75

The committee on Streets and Highways reported upon the petitions of Geo. W. Underwood, for compensation for loss of a horse alleged to have been run over by a defect in the Bath road bed; of Sarah O'Brien for compensation for personal injuries alleged to have been sustained through a defective crosswalk on Spring street, and of Newport Trades Council, for an eight-hour day for city workmen, recommending that each be given leave to withdraw. On further recommendations of the report, G. B. Street and Lincoln street were ordered macadamized at an estimated expense of \$2400 and \$300 respectively, when the deeds shall have been accepted by the city.

A resolution, making eight hours a day's work for city workmen, was subsequently introduced in the common council and lost by a vote of 8 to 7.

Upon the recommendation of the committee on Fire department the hydrants were ordered placed in Thurston and Bodley avenues, about 500 feet from Broadway, and a fire alarm box was ordered placed at the corner of

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But when Bacchides was informed of the death of Nicomachus, and of the destruction of the army that was with him, he sent Bacchides again with an army into Judea, who marched out of Andoloch, and came into Judea, and pitched his camp at Arabeia, a city of Galilee, and having besieged and taken those that were in caves, (for many of the people had fled into such places,) he removed, and made all the haste he could to Jerusalem. And when he learned that Judas had pitched his camp at a certain village whose name was Bethzabth, he led his army against them; they were to every thousand took men and two thousand horsemen. Now Judas had pitched his tents at Eleazar, and three thousand chosen men with him. When these saw the multitude of Bacchides' men, they were afraid, and left their camp, and fled all away, excepting eight hundred. Now when Judas was deserted by his own soldiers, and the enemy pressed upon him, and gave him no time to gather his army to him, he was disposed to fight with Bacchides' army, though he had but eight hundred men with him; so he exhortated these men to undergo the danger courageously, and encouraged them to attack the enemy. And when they said they were not a body sufficient to fight so great an army and advised that they should retreat down, and save their selves, and that when he had gathered his own men together, then he should fall upon the enemy afterwards, his answer was this: "Let not the sun ever see such a thing that I should say my back to the enemy; and although this be the time that will bring me to my end, and I must die in this battle, I will rather stand to it courageously, and hear whatsoever comes upon me, than, by now running away, and save the multitude till I am again gathered together, and then fight, or rather their glory." Think the speech he made to those that remained with him, whereby he encouraged them to attack the enemy.

But Bacchides drew his army out of their camp, and put them in array for the battle. He set the horsemen on both the wings, and his light soldiers, and the archers in the middle, and the whole of the left wing, and he himself on the right wing. And when he had thus put his army in order of battle, and was going to join battle with the enemy, he commanded the trumpet to give a signal of battle, and the army to make a shout, and to fall on the enemy. And when Judas had done the same, he joined battle with them; and as both sides fought valiantly, and as both continued till sunset, Judas saw that Bacchides and the strongest part of the army were in the right wing, and therefore took the most courageous men with him, and ran upon that part of the army, and fell upon those that were there, and broke their ranks, and drove them into the middle, and forced them to run away, and pursued them as far as to a mountain called Azbath, when those of the left wing, who were left, and who were put to flight, they encompassed Judas, and pursued him, and came behind him, and took him into the middle of their army; so not being able to fly, but encompassed round about with enemies, he stood still, and he and those that were with him fought; and when he had slain a great many of those that came against him, and he at last was himself wounded, and fell, and lay upon the ground, and he lay like to his famous ancestors. When Judas was dead, those that were with him had no one whom they could regard as their commander, but when they saw themselves deprived of such a general, they fled. But Simon and Jonathan, Judas' brethren, received his dead body by a treaty from the enemy, and carried it to the village of Modin, where their father had been buried, and there they buried him; while the multitude lamented him many days, and performed the usual solemn rites of a funeral to him. And this was the end that came to him. He had been a man of valor and a great warrior, and a faithful of the commands of his father Mattathias; and had undergone all difficulties, both in doing and suffering, for the liberty of his countrymen. And his character was so excellent (while alive), he left behind him a glorious reputation and memorial, by gaining freedom for his nation, and delivering them from slavery under the Macedonians. And when he had retained the priesthood three years, he died.

How Jonathan took the Government after his Brother Judas; and how he, together with his Brother Simon, Waged War against Bacchides.
After Judas was dead, all the wicked, and those that transgressed the laws of their forefathers, sprang up again in Judea, and grew upon them, and distressed them on every side. A famine assailed their wickedness, and afflicted the country, till not a few of the Jews were left, and the land began to be against the miseries that both the famine and their enemies brought upon them, deserted their country, and went to the Macedonians. And now Bacchides gathered those Jews together who had apostatized from the accustomed way of living of their forefathers, and chose to live like their neighbors, and committed the care of the country to them, and he caught the friends of Judas, and those of his party, and delivered them up to Bacchides, who when he had, in the first place, tortured and tormented them (at his pleasure, he by that means at length killed them. And when this calamity of the Jews was become so great as they had never had experience of the like since their return out of Babylon, those that remained of the companions of Judas, seeing that the nation was ready to be destroyed after a miserable manner, came to his brother Jonathan, and desired him that he would imitate his brother, and that care which he took of his countrymen, for whose liberty in general he died; and that he would not permit the nation to be without a governor, especially in those destructive circumstances, where it was now was. And when Jonathan said that he was now ready to die for them, and was esteemed no way inferior to his brother, he was appointed to be the general of the Jewish army.

When Bacchides heard this, and was afraid that Jonathan might be very troublesome to the king and the Macedonians, as Judas had been before him, he sought how he might slay him by treachery; but this intention of his was not unknown to Jonathan, nor to his brother Simon; and when these two were apprised of it, they took all their companions, and presently fled into the wilderness, which was nearest to the city; and when they were come to the lake called Asphar, they abode there. But when Bacchides was sensible that they were in a low state and were in that place, he hastened to fall upon them with all his forces, and pitching his camp beyond Jordan, he recruited his army. But when Jonathan knew that Bacchides was coming upon him, he sent his brother John, who was also called Gaddis, to the Nabatean Arabs, that he might lodge his baggage with them until the battle with Bacchides should be over, for they were the Jews' friends. And the sons of Ambr laid an ambush for John, from the city of Modaba, and seized upon him, and upon those that were with him, and plundered all that they had with them; they also slew John, and all his companions. However, they were sufficiently punished for what they now did by John's brother.

But when Bacchides knew that Jonathan had pitched his camp among the lakes of Jordan, he observed when their sabbath-day came, and then assaulted him, as supposing that he would not fight because of the law, for resting on the sabbath day. But he exhorted his companions to fight; and told them that their lives were at stake, since they were encompassed by the river and by their enemies, and had no way to escape; for that their enemies were upon them before, and the river was behind them. So, after he had prayed to God to give them the victory, he joined battle with the enemy, of whom he overthrew many; and as he saw Bacchides coming so boldly to him, he stretched out his right hand to smite him, but the other foreseeing and avoiding the stroke, Jonathan, with his companions leaped into the river, and swam over it, and by that means escaped beyond Jordan, while the enemy did not pass over the river; but Bacchides returned presently to the citadel at Jerusalem, having lost about two thousand of his army. He also fortified many cities of Judea, whose walls had been demolished, Jericho, and Emmaus, and Bethoron, and Bethel, and Timna, and Parahoth, and Tecoa, and Gaza, and built towers in every one of these cities, and encompassed them with strong walls, that were very large also, and put garisons into them, that they might issue out of them, and do mischief to the Jews. He also fortified the citadel at Jerusalem more than all the rest. Moreover he took the sons of the principal Jews as pledges, and shut them up in the citadel, and in that manner guarded it.

(To be continued.)

A Well-Known Summer Resident Dead.

Mrs. Sarah Swan Whitton, of New York and Newport, died at "Rosedale," the summer home of her daughter, Mrs. George L. Rives, in this city, Wednesday morning. Mrs. Whitton had not been well for some time but she was not considered in immediate danger, so that her death was unexpected and very sudden. Mrs. Whitton was well known in Newport, having been among the first to discover the many charms which our beautiful city displays. Her summer cottage, "Swanhurst," was purchased by her a number of years before Bellevue avenue became the fashionable boulevard it now is, in fact, before Bellevue avenue was opened at all, and since that time her summers, almost without an exception, have been spent here. Mrs. Whitton, was a daughter of the late Judge Swan, one of Ohio's most eminent jurists, and the widow of the late Augustus Whitton of New York. She leaves four children, Augustus and Miss Jennie Whitton, Mrs. John H. Davis and Mrs. George L. Rives.

Old Colony Newport Boats.

The Old Colony Company's new pilot steamer "Piscilla" is being made ready for commission on the 21st instant when the double service system will go into effect for the summer. Most of her carpenter are already laid and a large corps of workmen are busily engaged in placing the seven carloads of furniture necessary for her equipment. Under the new time table all four of the big Ps will be in commission—Piscilla, Puritan, Plymouth and Pilgrim—and the Newport boat will leave here at 9:15 and New York at 6:30 p. m., both week days and Sundays. Newport's Sunday boat will be the Plymouth.

The annual election of officers of the Old Colony Steamboat Co. took place in Fall River on Monday. J. R. Kendrick was re-elected president, Edward J. Parker clerk and Charles P. Clarke, Cornelius N. Bliss, Nathaniel Thayer, Silas Pierce, L. N. Lovell, John S. Brayton, Thomas J. Borden and Charles L. Lovering, Directors.

Sheriff Anthony, who was recently allowed \$5000 by the General Assembly for needed repairs and improvements to the Newport State House and jail, is making plans for beginning the work. Both buildings are sadly in need of attention, each requiring a new heating apparatus and new furniture and great deal of general repairing.

Tomorrow is Children's Day at the United Congregational church. In the morning there will be children's baptism and in the evening a Sunday School concert.

Mrs. E. C. Carrasco is the guest of her brother, Mr. W. H. Cotton in this city.

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That Bacchides was again sent out against Judas, and how Judas fell as he was courageously fighting.
But when Bacchides was informed of the death of Nicomachus, and of the destruction of the army that was with him, he sent Bacchides again with an army into Judea, who marched out of Andoloch, and came into Judea, and pitched his camp at Arabeia, a city of Galilee, and having besieged and taken those that were in caves, (for many of the people had fled into such places,) he removed, and made all the haste he could to Jerusalem. And when he learned that Judas had pitched his camp at a certain village whose name was Bethzabth, he led his army against them; they were to every thousand took men and two thousand horsemen. Now Judas had pitched his tents at Eleazar, and three thousand chosen men with him. When these saw the multitude of Bacchides' men, they were afraid, and left their camp, and fled all away, excepting eight hundred. Now when Judas was deserted by his own soldiers, and the enemy pressed upon him, and gave him no time to gather his army to him, he was disposed to fight with Bacchides' army, though he had but eight hundred men with him; so he exhortated these men to undergo the danger courageously, and encouraged them to attack the enemy. And when they said they were not a body sufficient to fight so great an army and advised that they should retreat down, and save their selves, and that when he had gathered his own men together, then he should fall upon the enemy afterwards, his answer was this: "Let not the sun ever see such a thing that I should say my back to the enemy; and although this be the time that will bring me to my end, and I must die in this battle, I will rather stand to it courageously, and hear whatsoever comes upon me, than, by now running away, and save the multitude till I am again gathered together, and then fight, or rather their glory." Think the speech he made to those that remained with him, whereby he encouraged them to attack the enemy.

But Bacchides drew his army out of their camp, and put them in array for the battle. He set the horsemen on both the wings, and his light soldiers, and the archers in the middle, and the whole of the left wing, and he himself on the right wing. And when he had thus put his army in order of battle, and was going to join battle with the enemy, he commanded the trumpet to give a signal of battle, and the army to make a shout, and to fall on the enemy. And when Judas had done the same, he joined battle with them; and as both sides fought valiantly, and as both continued till sunset, Judas saw that Bacchides and the strongest part of the army were in the right wing, and therefore took the most courageous men with him, and ran upon that part of the army, and fell upon those that were there, and broke their ranks, and drove them into the middle, and forced them to run away, and pursued them as far as to a mountain called Azbath, when those of the left wing, who were left, and who were put to flight, they encompassed Judas, and pursued him, and came behind him, and took him into the middle of their army; so not being able to fly, but encompassed round about with enemies, he stood still, and he and those that were with him fought; and when he had slain a great many of those that came against him, and he at last was himself wounded, and fell, and lay upon the ground, and he lay like to his famous ancestors. When Judas was dead, those that were with him had no one whom they could regard as their commander, but when they saw themselves deprived of such a general, they fled. But Simon and Jonathan, Judas' brethren, received his dead body by a treaty from the enemy, and carried it to the village of Modin, where their father had been buried, and there they buried him; while the multitude lamented him many days, and performed the usual solemn rites of a funeral to him. And this was the end that came to him. He had been a man of valor and a great warrior, and a faithful of the commands of his father Mattathias; and had undergone all difficulties, both in doing and suffering, for the liberty of his countrymen. And his character was so excellent (while alive), he left behind him a glorious reputation and memorial, by gaining freedom for his nation, and delivering them from slavery under the Macedonians. And when he had retained the priesthood three years, he died.

How Jonathan took the Government after his Brother Judas; and how he, together with his Brother Simon, Waged War against Bacchides.
After Judas was dead, all the wicked, and those that transgressed the laws of their forefathers, sprang up again in Judea, and grew upon them, and distressed them on every side. A famine assailed their wickedness, and afflicted the country, till not a few of the Jews were left, and the land began to be against the miseries that both the famine and their enemies brought upon them, deserted their country, and went to the Macedonians. And now Bacchides gathered those Jews together who had apostatized from the accustomed way of living of their forefathers, and chose to live like their neighbors, and committed the care of the country to them, and he caught the friends of Judas, and those of his party, and delivered them up to Bacchides, who when he had, in the first place, tortured and tormented them (at his pleasure, he by that means at length killed them. And when this calamity of the Jews was become so great as they had never had experience of the like since their return out of Babylon, those that remained of the companions of Judas, seeing that the nation was ready to be destroyed after a miserable manner, came to his brother Jonathan, and desired him that he would imitate his brother, and that care which he took of his countrymen, for whose liberty in general he died; and that he would not permit the nation to be without a governor, especially in those destructive circumstances, where it was now was. And when Jonathan said that he was now ready to die for them, and was esteemed no way inferior to his brother, he was appointed to be the general of the Jewish army.

When Bacchides heard this, and was afraid that Jonathan might be very troublesome to the king and the Macedonians, as Judas had been before him, he sought how he might slay him by treachery; but this intention of his was not unknown to Jonathan, nor to his brother Simon; and when these two were apprised of it, they took all their companions, and presently fled into the wilderness, which was nearest to the city; and when they were come to the lake called Asphar, they abode there. But when Bacchides was sensible that they were in a low state and were in that place, he hastened to fall upon them with all his forces, and pitching his camp beyond Jordan, he recruited his army. But when Jonathan knew that Bacchides was coming upon him, he sent his brother John, who was also called Gaddis, to the Nabatean Arabs, that he might lodge his baggage with them until the battle with Bacchides should be over, for they were the Jews' friends. And the sons of Ambr laid an ambush for John, from the city of Modaba, and seized upon him, and upon those that were with him, and plundered all that they had with them; they also slew John, and all his companions. However, they were sufficiently punished for what they now did by John's brother.

But when Bacchides knew that Jonathan had pitched his camp among the lakes of Jordan, he observed when their sabbath-day came, and then assaulted him, as supposing that he would not fight because of the law, for resting on the sabbath day. But he exhorted his companions to fight; and told them that their lives were at stake, since they were encompassed by the river and by their enemies, and had no way to escape; for that their enemies were upon them before, and the river was behind them. So, after he had prayed to God to give them the victory, he joined battle with the enemy, of whom he overthrew many; and as he saw Bacchides coming so boldly to him, he stretched out his right hand to smite him, but the other foreseeing and avoiding the stroke, Jonathan, with his companions leaped into the river, and swam over it, and by that means escaped beyond Jordan, while the enemy did not pass over the river; but Bacchides returned presently to the citadel at Jerusalem, having lost about two thousand of his army. He also fortified many cities of Judea, whose walls had been demolished, Jericho, and Emmaus, and Bethoron, and Bethel, and Timna, and Parahoth, and Tecoa, and Gaza, and built towers in every one of these cities, and encompassed them with strong walls, that were very large also, and put garisons into them, that they might issue out of them, and do mischief to the Jews. He also fortified the citadel at Jerusalem more than all the rest. Moreover he took the sons of the principal Jews as pledges, and shut them up in the citadel, and in that manner guarded it.

(To be continued.)

A Well-Known Summer Resident Dead.

Mrs. Sarah Swan Whitton, of New York and Newport, died at "Rosedale," the summer home of her daughter, Mrs. George L. Rives, in this city, Wednesday morning. Mrs. Whitton had not been well for some time but she was not considered in immediate danger, so that her death was unexpected and very sudden. Mrs. Whitton was well known in Newport, having been among the first to discover the many charms which our beautiful city displays. Her summer cottage, "Swanhurst," was purchased by her a number of years before Bellevue avenue became the fashionable boulevard it now is, in fact, before Bellevue avenue was opened at all, and since that time her summers, almost without an exception, have been spent here. Mrs. Whitton, was a daughter of the late Judge Swan, one of Ohio's most eminent jurists, and the widow of the late Augustus Whitton of New York. She leaves four children, Augustus and Miss Jennie Whitton, Mrs. John H. Davis and Mrs. George L. Rives.

Old Colony Newport Boats.

A YANKEE IN GRAY

By CHARLES B. LEWIS (M. QUAD).

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CHAPTER XXIX
(Continued.)

It is within an hour of sunset on a winter's day. An inch of snow covers the earth like a royal carpet, and dark, ragged clouds drive fast across a cold blue sky.

In front of Rest Haven, looking to the south, the hills recede and leave an almost level plain on which there is no greater obstruction than an occasional tree or bush. A creek which has its birthplace in the mountains meanders across this plain, but divides it about equally. The plain is large enough for 5,000 cavalry to maneuver on, and along its edges are a dozen spots on which field artillery can be posted advantageously.

Attention, now, for you are going to witness one of the grandest sights in war—a cavalry fight! Only a few of the Confederates have appeared in sight, but Custer has guessed the situation and is preparing for it. While he is issuing orders and the squadrons are moving and the artillery galloping into position, one of his aids is hurrying up the move to abandon the house. Wrapped in her bedding instead of a shroud, the dead woman is borne to an ambulance by troopers with uncovered heads and reverent mien—troopers who will be shouting like devils and wear the looks of madmen half an hour hence. Murian goes with her dead, Royal Kenton into an ambulance by himself. The vehicles take the road for the Federal lines.

"You are a noncombatant and had better go with him," the officer said to Steve Brayton as Kenton was ready to go.

"Sense me fur differin' with yo'," replied Steve, "but if it won't do no pertick'lar harm I'll stay and see this fuss over with. It's goin' to be a right smart scrimmage, I take it, and as I'll probably be the last feller I'll see I'll sorter hang around. There's that ole nigger, though—don't leave him."

Uncle Ben stood in the midst of the bustle with bundles and packages in his arms and at his feet. He was told to get into the vehicle with Kenton, and next moment six horses were galloping a gun over the spot where he had stood.

Look to the south. The Confederates are debouching from the highway and deploying on the plain. Their hearts are filled with rejoicing as they behold the force of Federals opposed. They, too, have longed for a battle in which the infantry should have no part, and the oft expressed wish is about to be justified.

There is no advantage of position. Two thousand Federals, 2,000 Confederates, and each has a battery number.



The artillery galloping into position.

Six pieces. Custer's guns could reach the gray horsemen as they deploy, but every piece is silent. A change by half his command across that snow-covered plain would have swept the field at first and crushed the Confederates back into the narrow highway to become a panic-stricken mob. No charge was ordered. The man whose name was to be a household word before the end of the war and whose life was to be spared on 20 fields of battle that it might go out with the shouts of Indian demons ringing in his ears sat his horse and watched and waited. He had come to the brigade of Edward McPherson a few months previously from West Point. He had been called a boy, and men and officers had taken no pains to conceal their sarcasm and distrust. Two or three times he had led them in a dash there, but little fighting resulted. He would test them now, and they should weigh him in the balance.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The Confederate battery is the first to open fire, and it is promptly responded to. The very first missile is a percussion shell, and it drives its way into the house so lately occupied by the living and the dead, and in its explosion brings wreck and ruin. Twelve guns are belching their death missiles across the open space when a sudden cry rises to the lips of a thousand men. From the western edge of the plain, where the pines grow thick, a woman suddenly appears to view. She is bareheaded, and her hair is flying about her shoulders. She has neither shawl nor cloak, and her dress is ragged and torn. She has a stick in her hand, and she waves it as if it were a sword in the hand of a man and starts at a wild run for the eastern edge of the plain, right across the front of the lines drawn up in battle array. The cry of astonishment which greeted her appearance becomes a shout of warning, but she does not heed it. Enveloped by the smoke of their guns, the artilleryists do not see her. Their hearing deadened by the loud reports, they do not catch the shouts uttered by Federal and Confederate alike. Round shot and shell go whizzing and shrieking over the snow, and men waiting for battle shudder at the woman's danger.

"Who's that? Halt! Halt! Ho can't do it! He's sure to be killed!" So cried 500 Federals as Steve Brayton, mounted on the horse of a trooper who had been asked to hold for a moment, dashed straight out into the plain to head the woman off. He knew her the moment she stepped out of the woods. Uncle Ben had told him of the meeting with Mrs. Baxter on the highway. He had flung her down the bank with tremendous force, and as he came back over the road with Custer's men he expected to find her lying there dead. Nothing was to be seen of her, however, and his mind was greatly relieved. In her fall, as was afterward known, the woman's head struck a stone, and the

skull was fractured. When she struggled up she was no longer seen. She had been wandering through the forest for hours before she appeared on the battlefield, but she encountered no one and found no shelter.

Never was there a more gallant deed than that performed by Steve Brayton, and never was hero more heartily applauded by friend and foe. He galloped his horse straight at the woman, and as he came up to her he leaned over in the saddle, caught her with both hands, and next instant she was on the saddle before him, and the horse was flying back to the Federal lines. The woman caught and screamed, and fragments of hurstling shell whizzed and whirled around and above horse and rider, but they dashed into the lines unhurt, and the gallant rescuer was directed to continue down the road until the woman could be placed beyond danger.

Turn quick to the south! You will never see a grander spectacle than this. The Confederate command, divided into three divisions, with double lines dressed as if on parade, has received the order to advance. They had waited for Custer to charge, but the cavalier was also a strategist. His artillery, being better served, was creating the most havoc, and he could afford to delay. Look! Look! As the gray horsemen begin to move Custer's guns, which have been grouped in front of his center, lumber up and move at a gallop—four of them—two to the right and two to the left. In three minutes they are on his flanks and loaded with grape-shot and canister. The Confederate battery does not follow the example, and as the horsemen move forward the guns are useless.

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!" You hear the bugles sound the order, and you see 2,000 sabers flash in the sunset as 2,000 horsemen thunder over the plain. Give them credit for bravery even to recklessness. Before the horses are off a trot the murderous grape-shot are knocking them down by dozens, and as the artilleryists change to canister 2,000 Federal carbines also open fire.

"Rally! Reform! Forward!" Above the roar of cannon and musketry you can catch the notes of the bugles, and as the smoke lifts here and there in spots the eye can detect the gray horsemen seeking to obey the calls. They do rally. They do reform. They do push forward under that terrible fire, but only to be broken up and swept aside. The Federal artilleryists get the order to cease firing, the crackle of musketry dies away, and five minutes later the smoke has drifted off, and the eye can scan the plain. Benten, broken, slaughtered, and yet the gray horsemen are trying to rally again!

Now is the moment, and Custer has waited for it. Only the dead and wounded are left behind as he moves out, as his entire command sweeps straight across the plain and falls upon the broken and disorganized enemy. They rally here and there by the score and meet the shock. They fight singly and by twos and threes. Men wait and die rather than run away. Brave men, all of them—men whose deeds will be spoken of around our campfires for years to come. The only criticism will be that they did not have a leader equal to Custer in the murderous art of war.

Night has fallen, and the fight is over. There are prisoners to be guarded, wounded to be cared for, dead to be counted for the official report and spoils to be gathered up. The clouds have driven away to the east, and the canopy of heaven is studded with bright stars. There is no moon, and the blood spots on the snow gradually fade away and are lost to sight.

CHAPTER XXX.

While the fight was raging the house and "quarters" were both in flames, fired by the shells from a Confederate gun. But for the strenuous efforts of the detachment guarding the prisoners in the barn that structure would have also been reduced to ashes. It therefore came about that when the battle was over and men began to bring in the wounded the barn was the only shelter to be had. The prisoners were turned out and the place given up to moaning, groaning men and those who sought to succor them. The sounds of battle had been heard in the Federal lines, and a brigade of infantry arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. While their services were not needed, the half dozen surgeons sent out with the column had work to last them the long night through and far into the next day.

It is a grim sight, a field hospital like this, and they are grim men into whose hands the wounded fall as they are lifted off the stretchers, groaning, cursing or crying. The flight of a snowflake in a gale of wind is not more erratic than the flight of death missiles in a battle. Here are men wounded in the face; the next three or four may be wounded in the feet or ankles. Sabers have descended upon heads and shoulders; bullets have plowed their way into arms, sides, hips or legs; fragments of shell have carried away fingers and reduced hands to pulp. Of a hundred men no two have received the same hurt.

Rude tables have been prepared, and strong men lift each victim up to be overhauled by the men who have stripped off coat and vest and rolled their sleeves far back. They look like butchers in a slaughter pen, but their hearts are tender toward these victims of battle, whether friend or foe. The bitterness of battle is at its height when the crash of artillery and the crackle of musketry are fiercest. When the battles over, whether victorious or defeated, pity returns to the heart and blinds the

eyes to the color of the uniform. Over each man lifted up there is a brief consultation.

Those bare armed men need waste no time. They can tell almost at a glance what the result will be. If it is a mortal hurt, the poor fellow is lifted aside to breathe his last as peacefully as possible under such surroundings. If there is hope for him, his wound is dressed with agile fingers, and he gives way to the next.

"That's Captain Wyle, my company captain!" So exclaimed Steve Brayton as he entered the barn about 11 o'clock at night to see if he could recognize any Confederates being brought in. The captain had just been lifted to the table. He was conscious, but had not yet spoken. Those who brought him in said that he was pinned to the curb by the hind quarters of his dead horse, and that the animal was fearfully mangled by grape-shot.

"Shoulder dislocated, ribs broken, leg broken, struck in the groin by a carbine ball," announced the surgeon who made a rapid investigation.

"Any hope for me?" asked the captain, whose lips had been moistened with whiskey, as it was observed that he desired to speak.

The surgeon shook his head and motioned to the attendants to lift the officer aside. When they had left him, Steve Brayton sat down beside him and bathed his face with whiskey and gave him to drink. The captain had recognized him at once, but it was several minutes before he queried:

"You and Kenton were in the fight at Harrisonburg and were captured. How come you here?"

"We was made a bolt for it on the road and got away."

"And what has happened here?"

"Went, Kenton was wounded, then me and him stood off the Baxter and his crowd, then the gal's mother died, then the gal and Kenton how bin drive away to the Yankees line. Sorry for yo', cap, and sorry for the rest of 'em, for our bull crowd has bin wiped off the face of the earth!"

"Have we been defeated?"

"Regularly cleaned out, cap. I don't believe a hundred of our men got away. 'Cordin' to what them doctors say, yo' can't pull through this. Do yo' want to leave any word with me?"

"No," whispered the captain after a moment's thought.

"Not even for the gal? She won't bear no grudge when she hears yo' ar' dead."

The captain shook his head and closed his eyes. Steve moved away after a few minutes to look for other Confederates wounded, and two hours later the officer's dead body was carried out with others to make room for the wounded.

When morning came and the dead were gathered for burial, Steve Brayton found many that he could identify. In deed a full half of his own company had been wiped out, and among them was the Baxter. But great as was the Confederate loss, that of the Federals was severe. History has said of that first real cavalry fight of the war that it was terribly brief in duration and appalling in its list of dead and wounded. It was almost night of the day following the fight before the last of the Federals moved off and left the field. And how changed was Rest Haven, and what a misnomer the title which had been given to it in the years of peace. Cinders and ashes showed where the houses had stood. Across the plain, furrowed by shot and shell and hoof, its snow-white carpet now spattered and blotched by a thousand dead statues, they had dug long trenches and covered in the dead. Trees had been cut down, bushes uprooted, and over acres of ground was strewn the wreck of battle.

I have but few more pages to write. My story has not been all romance, and it is with a feeling of selfishness that I part from these of my characters who are with us in the flesh today, and whose hands I have held in mine within the last twelve months. At the opening of my story Winchester was described as a quaint old town. That was true of it—a quaint old town of quaint houses and streets and people. War wrecked it again and again. Every street and square and alley witnessed a death grapple. Every building which escaped the flames was marked by ball or bullet. A few months ago I looked in vain for trace of war. Here had there a quaint old house still stands, but the town is full of the bustle of those rushing days.

Alas, but there was a trace of war after all. Up in the cemetery skirted by the Berryville pike I found graves after graves in which soldiers slept their last long sleep, each name engraved on the stone, and behind them the pitiful spot over which all may sorrow, but no one weep—the resting place of the "unknown."

It was many days ere Kenton or Murian or Mrs. Baxter walked in the sunshine. In the case of the latter perhaps it was better that her mind groped in the darkness, and that it was months before she could realize her widowhood. General Custer kindly sent her on to Washington for treatment, and for weeks and weeks she kept calling out:

"He said he'd go far help to capture the Yankee, but he ain't dunn come back yet. He's goin' to be a great officer and he'll hold up my head with any of 'em."

And that was the course he followed, and when I shook hands with him in Winchester last spring I was proud to give him his title as Lieutenant. Did the match please Uncle Ben? Hear what he says as he congratulates the bride:

"Now, Miss Sunshine, yo' all has dunn gone an married Mrs. Kenton, an it does jest seem to me dat I ar' walkin round on aigst! Hu! But when I was



Uncle Ben's congratulations.

Wed up to dat post an yo' was standin dar wid dat big dissolver, an de sojers an gorillas was gainin their feet. I spected de Lawd was so fut off he couldn't get dar in time to save us."

The Percy mansion was burned, as you remember. A much finer house occupies the site today, and it is there the Kentons dwell, honored and respected by all. What more could I add? Good-bye!

THE END.

Left This Called For.

An elderly doctor, who was as peppy as a cayenne pepper, was from time to time sprang upon by the practical joker.

On one occasion a well dressed young fellow called and asked the doctor to prescribe for a breaking out and rash on his left arm. The doctor examined the limb and pronounced it to be a bad case of psoriasis and eczema.

"I suppose, doctor, you can cure it?" said the patient.

"Why, certainly," replied the doctor.

"How long will it take to get well?"

"Oh, I should say about two months," said the doctor.

"Quite sure? Is it a bad case?"

"Positively the worst I've seen."

"Then I will leave it with you and call for it again when cured," solemnly said the patient, slowly unfastening his arm, which was an artificial one and painted for the occasion.—London Tit-Bits.

Photographing French Criminals.

The system of photography in use is peculiar to the service and is the result of its experiments. It is free from all conventional operations, for the photograph is made simply to be recognized. The poses chosen are: A perfect profile, since that gives a sort of anatomical content of the face; then a full face view, since there one has the habitual expression and the pose of the head. The picture is never retouched, since scars, moles and spots are such infallible means of identification. Absolute uniformity is sought in the size, form and style of the different photographs. In order that the distance may be invariable the chair and camera are screwed to the floor, and there is a perfect system of adjustment. The light is thrown into the face. The result is hard on the subject. One does not care to display his judicial photograph, but for the purpose they are admirably, brutally exact.



Shiro Kuroda, M. A. C., Amherst, Mass.

A Japanese Student

Health in Danger From Overstudy—Great Health From Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has benefited people of all nationalities. Testimonial letters are coming to us daily by the hundreds. One of the recent contributions comes from Mr. Shiro Kuroda of Japan, a student at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. His letter follows:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen,—I came to America in 1891 and entered college in the following fall. After the thorough attainment of my education, my object is to return to my native country. But I must not discuss my personal affairs. I wish to

Recommend to the Public the wonderful healing power of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is superior to all other medicines. I have been suffering greatly from dyspepsia. I always felt tired and had no appetite whatever, often felt dizzy and even faint away. My trouble was, no doubt, due to my weak constitution and strict adherence to study. I had continued in the same condition it would have resulted in a severe case of indigestion, or worse. Last spring I took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is

A Wonderful Medicine. It gave me a good appetite and strength, such as I had never experienced before. Two weeks after I began to take the first bottle I actually gained ten pounds of flesh, and now I am greatly indebted to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 115 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. For the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Prevention Better Than Cure.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is an old proverb, but one which men have been slow to apply.

The State enlarges its prisons and reformatories and asylums for the insane, instead of enforcing truant laws, preventing the opening of dens of iniquity, and forbidding the housing of human beings where disease festers and spreads with the very breeze which keeps the tenements from stifling.

But there are many signs that changes for the better have begun. The laws which science has discovered are making their appeal to the reason of more people than in any previous time and preventive measures are used where a few years ago they were unknown. It is no longer necessary that typhoid or scarlet fever, or even the lesser ailments, should go through a well-conditioned family. No patient is now quarantined in the most remote room of the house; indeed, the best constructed houses have a room introduced for temporary hospital use with appliances which make its almost complete isolation possible. The mother is no longer considered unfeeling if she does not nurse her sick child, or the daughter is unduly if she commits the care of an invalid parent to a trained attendant.

People with common sense now perceive that to sacrifice nervous energy is not the best way to speed affection, and that the member of the family who is ill can be helped back to health much faster by some one who knows symptoms and how to act upon a change for the worse before the doctor arrives than by one whose only fitness for the post of nurse is relationship to the patient.

Probably not a philanthropic organization of today is doing better work than the Red Cross Society, and its work is largely preventive.

It gives courses of lectures on "First Aid to the Injured," to policemen, firemen and others. It pays the salary of nurses who are sent among the poorest people in our cities. While they care for the sick in these miserable tenements, they, incidentally, give lessons in cooking and the laws of health, including cleanliness, which will do more to prevent a recurrence of disease than any other means yet devised.

Now that medical science has made so great advances in the study and treatment of the eye, we may reasonably hope that the day is not far off when it will be considered just as necessary to have the little child's eyes examined as to see whether they have congenital defects as it is to have him vaccinated. As a matter of fact, the chances of his ever taking small pox are small in comparison with the chances that he had been born with astigmatism, shortsightedness or some other defect of vision, which treatment may remedy in childhood while the muscles and ligaments of the eyes are in their most elastic condition, but which, neglected, may cause most serious disorders. Experiments go far to prove that epilepsy, and insanity are traceable to imperfect eyes.

The study of sanitary science as carried on at the Massachusetts School of Technology is one of the noteworthy advance movements of the day.

The ventilation of rooms, the purity of the water supplies of the State, the best methods of the filtration of water, the condition of milk; the determination of the best kinds and qualities of food for the maintenance of health, are all made subjects of investigation; the principles discovered are applied in the institutions and elsewhere as people learn what service students who have had this training can give in these most vital matters.

The study made of foods by Mrs. Richards, of the Institute, by Professor Atkinson and others, and the consequent opening of "New England Kitchens," where nutritious food at a low price may be had by the poor, cannot fail to help in lessening the tide of intemperance and its numberless attendant miseries.

A noteworthy movement in England is shown in the results in the founding of an Institute of Preventive Medicine.

Such men as Sir Joseph Lister (the president), Sir Henry Roscoe, Professors Michael Foster and Victor Horsley, are members of the council who have the work in charge. The money is in their hands to begin to build and to carry on investigation in laboratories. Lectures and systematic instruction are

Animals—Deceivers Ever.

Swindling and deceit are known among animals in military attacks. Horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going into military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo sometimes lays its eggs in the sparrow's nest, and to make the deception sure it takes away one of the sparrow's eggs.

Animals are conscious of their deceit, as shown by the fact that they try to operate secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance.

Thus, bees which steal often hesitate before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. Some one described how a monkey committed theft; while he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening. Such, and many more well-known facts, may be due to fear of punishment, which naturally follows a misdeed just as is observed among habitual thieves.

Shoes are now made of lace—the thick gauze description. They are very dainty and yet strong. Good leather shoes and boots are to be had vended in such a manner as not to expose the foot to wet or damp. This is an excellent move, as thick leather is apt to heat the foot unduly, causing great discomfort to the wearer.

'LYKENS VALLEY' COAL

NOW DISCHARGING BY GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & Co

TWO CARBIDES BY 'LYKENS VALLEY' and 'CORBIN' RED ASH

COAL

Stove and Chestnut Sizes FARMERS

Now is the time to lay in your winter supply of "Coal." We have got every thing to suit you at low summer prices. Write for a list of all sizes that is the very best quality mined. Lykens Valley and Red Ash Coal, clean, dry and clean.

PERRY & BROTHERS.

EDWARD P. MARSH, Funeral Director & Embalmer. 101 & 103 Thames Street. Telephone Connection.

Miscellaneous.

R. W. Curry, Contractor & Builder.

JOBGING

Of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates. Estimates given on all work when desired. CARPENTER SHOP—71 MILL STREET. RESIDENCE—HOFFMAN PLACE. 6-12

Newport Laundry

Entirely Remodeled under a New Management. Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

A Special Feature.

Family Washing

By the Week or Month. Feather Beds and Mattresses renovated and made over.

Draperies, Carpets, Rugs, Furniture.

Cleaned and Disinfected in NAPHTHA. Blankets scoured without shrinking.

Hot, Cold & Steam Baths.

Everything first-class. Satisfaction guaranteed. CAPACITY UNLIMITED. Send for Price List. Office & Works, cor. Pond Avenue and Warner Street. F. M. VINCENT, Manager.

Bottled Ale,

75 cents per dozen, FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

T. J. LYON,

8 and 10 HULL'S WHARF.

FEBRUARY Clearance Sale.

My entire stock from 25 to 40 per cent discount during this month. Great bargains in

Odd Sized Frames.

W. H. ARNOLD, 12 Broadway.

PIANOS

TO RENT For the Season.

A Large Stock to Select from.

FINE STATIONERY, FINE LINEN PAPER, CREAM WOVE AND LAID, AT 30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organs.

John Rogers, 210 THAMES ST

The Best is the Cheapest

"The Diamond C" HAMS, SHOULDERS, AND BACON

Accrued from H. I. Fork and Corn Cobs. Smoked, and are the Best

For Sale at

GUGGESHAL'S MARKET, 2 & 4 Washington Square, and 130 Thames Street.

Printing

OF EVERY KIND

Done at shortest notice, in the best manner and at the lowest price, at the

Mercury Office,

182 THAMES ST.

Traveler's Directory.

Full River Line.

For first-class limited tickets. Fare reduced to all points. Steamers PUNTA and PUNTA in commission. Leave Newport, week days 9:15 P. M. Sundays 10:15 P. M. New York, 7:30 A. M. RETURNING, steamers leave New York, week days and Sundays at 5:30 P. M. due Newport about 3:15 A. M. Fall R. R. at 5:20 A. M. Another boat connection between Pier 24, Brooklyn and Jersey City. Fine orchestra on each steamer.

For tickets and state room apply at Express office, 212 (James) street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

J. R. KENDRICK, President, Boston.
GEO. L. JORDAN, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.
J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT CO.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 11,
LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days only at 8 A. M. Leave Providence for Newport week days only at 4 P. M. Stop at Providence, Tuesday and Friday only. Stop at Concord Friday only.

EXCURSION TICKETS ONLY 50 CENTS.
ONE FARE 50 CENTS. TEN TRIPS \$4.

All freight must be delivered at wharf thirty minutes before boat leaves to insure shipment.

A. LIVINGSTON MASON,
General Manager.

NEWPORT AND WICKFORD

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.
THE WICKFORD ROUTE.
In effect June 1, 1894.

Leave	Arrive
Newport, 7:10 A. M., 1:20 P. M., 5:00 P. M.	Wickford, 7:30 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 5:20 P. M.
Wickford, 8:10 A. M., 2:40 P. M., 6:00 P. M.	Newport, 8:30 A. M., 3:00 P. M., 6:30 P. M.

For tickets and Drawing Room chairs apply at Steamboat Agent, Commercial wharf, or at the Transfer Office, 32 Bellevue street, N. Y. C. U. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

1894 TIME TABLE 1894

Jameson and Newport Ferry Co.

On and after Thursday, April 5,
STEAMER CONANICUT

WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

4:15 Newport, 6:15, 9:30 A. M., 12 M., 2:30, 4:15, 6:00 P. M. Sundays, 10:15, 1:30 P. M.

Leave Jameson, 6:15, 9:30, 12:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 P. M. Sundays at 9:45, 1:00 P. M.

On arrival of Providence boat.

New York, New Haven

& Hartford Railroad.

Old Colony System.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations, may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Monday, Jan. 1, 1894, trains will leave Newport, for Boston, New York, and other points, as follows:

1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 A. M., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 P. M.

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SLOCUM'S
OZONIZED
NORWEGIAN
LIVER OIL
WITH GUAIACOL.

Why is it we have added Ozone and Guaiacol to our Cod Liver Oil, which has been used with favorable results for many years by consumptives? It is because we want to do all we can to cure this disease.

Ozonized

to replace with ozone the oxygen lost by the body in digesting the oil.

Guaiacol

added to increase the appetite—something a consumptive must have. Pleasant to take. A perfect remedy for consumption. Send for Book on Ozone, mailed free.

Clothing.

My Fall

AND

WINTER STOCK

OF

Clothing, Hats

AND

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

has been received. I should be pleased to see any one that is in need of any of the above goods.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

189 THAMES STREET,
Agent for Rogers, Peet & Co.'s
Clothing.

NEW

Spring Woolens.

HENRY D. SPOONER

200 THAMES STREET.

JOHN ALDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

17 Mill Street,
ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET
Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats
specialty.
Liveries of every description made to order.

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

Little Trogan.

This line of

Misses and Children's Shoes

has been on sale the past year. They are the best made, best fitting, and best wearing in the market. The prices are right and we pay special attention to keeping them in every style to meet the wants of a fast-growing race.

M. S. HOLM'S,

186 THAMES ST.

For Sale.

Good, Nearly New

MILK WAGON

at a Bargain. Apply at

J. B. BACHILLER'S,

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Whipple & Son,

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INSURANCE AGENTS—representing some

of the largest and strongest companies doing business in this country. The following are some of them:

FIRE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia.
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FIREMAN'S of Newark.
AMERICAN of Newark.
NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL of Milwaukee.
Special attention and rates given to the insurance of farm dwellings and buildings.

How to Manage a Daughter.

First—You can do it.

Second—Give her her own way; it will save her the trouble of taking it.

Third—Pay for her dresses, if you can afford to. Her dressmaker will sue you if you don't.

Fourth—If she takes a fancy to any man you do not want her to marry, tell her you swear she shall never marry any one else. You can then give her a free hand, and she wouldn't have him if he was the only man left.

Fifth—If there is any man you want her to marry, kick him out of your house, order the servants never to admit him, distribute man-traps and spring-guns and bull-dogs all around your yard, lock her up in her room and now if she marries him you won't leave her a penny. You will not have to wait long after that for the elopement.

Sixth—If she has no voice encourage her to sing whenever you give a party. It will attract attention to her and give your guests an excuse for complimenting her. Never mind the neighbors.

Seventh—If you are a poor man teach your daughter how to dance and play the piano. She can learn cooking and dressmaking and those things after she

Philadelphia's Fashionable Society.

In one particular, at least, Philadelphia occupies an almost unique position in this country. This peculiarity is its absolute disregard for money. The man with a long rent-roll is no more favored than the clerk who is dependent on his small salary in a downtown office; the girl who has to make her own ball dresses receives just as much attention as her social sister who buys hers in Paris, and it is a fact that the man who marries a rich girl in the Quaker City is usually regarded with averted suspicion. Philadelphia society is formed on a basis of Philadelphia birth, and it has not very much regard for anything else. A man who boasts of a grandfather born in the Quaker City, according to the notions of this old society, is considerably more of a person than another man who can trace his family back ten generations in any other State. A young Philadelphia matron to my knowledge had to choose as a guest for dinner between a commonplace girl with a long Philadelphia pedigree and a very bright and amusing girl who had a perfectly secure position in New York. Without a moment's hesitation the hostess chose the commonplace Philadelphia girl, and she did so with the full knowledge that by doing so she was giving the greater satisfaction to her guests, who all happened to be from her own city. I simply state this to show that Philadelphia above all else loves their own, and to be born and bred in their city is the highest honor which they recognize. So far as the usual social functions are concerned, those of Philadelphia do not differ very materially from those of other cities, except in the fact that the debates form the axis about which the social circle revolves. From two to three years is the usually allotted time in which a girl plays an active part in Philadelphia society. Then she generally has a very expensive wedding, and retires to an inexpensive married existence on Locust Street. Almost every city has its Bride's Row, and in this respect Philadelphia is no exception. The only difference is that the houses on Locust Street are probably smaller than any other bride's houses in the world, and show an architectural variety in their fronts which makes the castles of Chicago's North Side drive appear absolutely plain. [From "The City of Homes," by Charles Belmont Davis, in Harper's Magazine for June.]

Something for Nothing.

"The darkest hour in any young man's life," says Horace Greeley, "is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it."

There are more ways than one of making this fatal mistake of trying to get something for nothing. The criminal way is the worst morally, but not the most common.

Almost as demoralizing to character though not positively criminal, are the many ways of trying to increase one's wealth at the expense of others—by gambling. Still a third way of getting something for nothing is to hunt for a sinecure. The new mayor of Brooklyn elected on a strong platform of municipal reform, returning home from a short trip just after his election, found three bushels of letters from applicants for office, most of them, it is safe to say, from lazy young men who wanted an "easy place."

Simple Cure for Hiccoughs.

You hear of numerous cures for hiccoughs, and as holding your fingers in your ears and having some one give you a drink of water, holding one's breath for a period, etc., but I don't if any will stand the test as a practical cure which for twenty years has never failed me once in all the hundreds of cases in which I have tried it. It may seem so ridiculous that many will not think it worth the while to try. It is nevertheless a true cure. All you have to do is to lie down, stretch your head back as far as possible, open your mouth widely, then hold two fingers above the head, well back, so that you have to strain your eyes to see them, gaze intently upon them and take long, full breaths. In a short time you will be relieved of the troublesome hiccough. Now, I have tried that sure cure on all sorts of cases, from the simple form to the chronic, and it works well with all. I remember it was given to a man on the way to New York to consult a specialist on his case—one of six months' standing—and it cured him in a few minutes. He turned around and said: "What do you charge for that?" "Nothing," was the reply, "except that you publish it to sufferers."

More won on are employed in government

positions in England than anywhere else in the world.

Skin Turned Yellow.

J. R. Hersey, of Spencer, Mass., is an elderly shoemaker, much respected by his neighbors.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Dana's Sarsa-

parilla

And at once began to improve. Now he says that he is a cured man, with a good appetite and a good digestion. He says that he will tell everybody that Dana's is "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Dana's Kidney and Liver Pills work with a sure effect in one instance, Constipation, Indigestion, and Stomach Troubles.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

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Pitcher's Castoria.

New Magazines.

As befits the season, the June Atlantic has a restless air about it. A record of a summer spent in the Scillies by Dr. J. W. White, the eminent Philadelphia physician, is followed by a shipwreck-suggesting poem, "The Gravedigger," by Miss Currier; Mr. Stoddard's review of "The End of Torture," the famous Parisian cafe, closed a year ago; Dr. Albert Shaw explains how Hamburg learnt her lesson even before the cholera struck her, and now is one of the most perfectly protected cities; Mrs. Carazzi gives a bright account of the marionette theatre in Sicily; Professor Manatt completes his excursion "Behind Hymetus," and Mr. Frank Jones continues his wanderings in the "Provence." The fiction, besides Mrs. Deland's notable novel, is contained in one of Mrs. Wiggins' graphic stories, "The Nooning Tree." A group of Carlyle's letters not before printed, and reports of his conversation, are given by his friend Sir Edward Stachey; a Western writer rounds the note of alarm in a paper on "American Railways and American Cities," and another Western professor treats of "The Scope of the Normal School." Among the papers in the readable Contributors' Club is a reminiscence of the Kureage.

Mr. M. C. McClelland is the author of "The Wood-Witch," the complete novel appearing in the June number of Lippincott. He is the "Oblivion," "Ten Minutes to Twelve," "White Lies," etc.

"Sea Island Cotton Rospun," by Dora E. W. Spratt, is a very interesting article on the colored people in the South during the late war, and is followed by a short paper on "The Passing of the Essay," by Agnes Repplier.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's serial story, "The Trespasser," ends with tragedy, as might have been expected. The two short stories of the number are "The Humpty Case," by Anna Fuller, and "Two in the Other Half," by E. Ogden Hays. Other papers are "The New Northwest Passage to the Orient," by J. MacDonald Oxley, "Hot Work on the Tampus," by Morgan S. Edmunds, and "My First Literary Acquaintance," by R. B. Stoddard. The usual sprinkling of poetry pervades the work.

A Woman's Discovery.

Did you know that a woman—a mere woman—made the wonderful anatomical discovery of the reason why a woman has a soprano voice and a man sings in the lower register. Clara Ormandy, a German one, it seems that Mrs. Emma Seiker, a native of Wurzburg, when left a widow with two children to support, resolved to become a teacher of singing, but suddenly lost her voice. Then she determined to find out why, also to discover if possible the correct method of singing, so that others might not lose their voices. For this purpose she studied anatomy. Anatomical knowledge, she was by the idiosyncrasy and bigots who would cut off all intellectual pursuits from women, she was obliged to study in secret. She dissected larynx after larynx and spent years in her search, trying to find for one thing why women's head tones could reach O while men had no soprano tones. At length her search was rewarded. She discovered under the microscope on day two small, wedge-shaped cartilages, whose action produced the highest tones of the human voice. She made her discovery public. It excited great attention among scientists. But so cruel was the prejudice of her time that she did not dare let the world know a woman made the discovery and wrote the account of it. Her own brother, a physician, praised the treatise in the highest terms till he found his own sister had written it. Then he dashed it down, saying, "I am a man, and I would be better than a woman to her housework." Mrs. Seiker's portrait, a marble relief, is in possession of the American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia, of which she was a member. Here is a case for the paraphrase of an old saying: "Put not your trust in brothers."

Confusion as to Divine Guidance.

In the early days of Maine Methodism it was customary for young ministers to consult the presiding elders before taking a wife. Once, during a camp meeting in Eastern Maine, a young minister approached the presiding elder and said he wished to be married.

"Whom do you propose to marry?" asked the elder.

"Well," said the young man, "The Lord has made known to me very clearly that I should marry Sister Mary Turner."

"I know her well," said the elder; "she is a fine girl. I will see you again before the meeting closes."

During the week four other young ministers consulted the presiding elder on the subject of marriage. Each of them gave the name of the young woman to whom he proposed to offer himself. They had all prayed over the matter a great deal, and each was certain that it was the Lord's desire that he should marry the person named.

Neither of the five young men knew anyone else had consulted the elder on that subject. On the last day of the camp meeting, at noon, the elder called the five young ministers to receive his opinion. He said:

"Now, brethren, it may be the will of God for you to marry, but it is not His will that five Methodist ministers should marry little Mary Turner."

Submarine Photography.

The art of photographing objects under water is one of the latest achievements of science. For years the leading photographers of this country and Europe have been endeavoring to perfect some contrivance which would enable them to take photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, in any depth of water. For some time the art of photographing in calm weather at a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet has been successfully practiced but some better plan was earnestly desired, especially by the scientific photographers. This "long-felt want" has been supplied by Professor Louis Boutan, of Paris. His apparatus consists of a magnesium lamp and an oxygen tank. The tank is filled with oxygen just before being lowered, the lamp hanging by a special attachment at the top of the vessel. A receptacle containing magnesium is connected with the lamp in such a manner that the powder can be thrown across the alcoholic flame by an automatic bellows. Some of Boutan's photographs which were taken at a depth of 5,000 feet with this apparatus have been shown. They are wholly without background, a defect which the photographers say will be easily remedied. —St. Louis Republic.

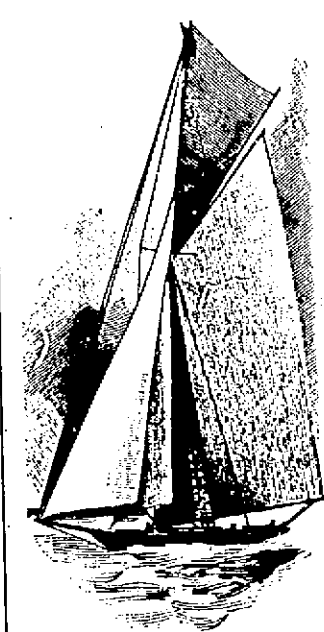
Rabbit, who's happier, the man who

owns a million dollars or he who has seven daughters?

"The one who has many daughters."

"Why so?"

"He who has a million dollars wishes for more—the man who has seven daughters does not."



For Sale

11 Price	
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Business Cards.

M. A. McCormick,
Carpenter and Builder.

All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given.

RESIDENCE—31 DEXAMPTON STREET.
SHOP—KINGLEY'S WHARF.

JOHN S. LANGLEY.

DESIGNER IN

FURNITURE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. ALSO

Furnishing Undertaker.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

16 Franklin St., Newport, R.I.

Residence, No. 1 School St.

Alex. N. Barker,

DEALER IN

Lumber & Hard Ware

BRICK, LIME, CEMENT, ETC.

205 THAMES ST.

—AND—

LOPEZ WHARF,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Removal,

LAW OFFICES

OF

PECKHAM & TYLER,

ROOMS 70-72 Battery Building, 111 Broad-

way, New York City.

(Near Wall Street).

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J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect & Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application.

General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Stonework

executed with dispatch.

Shop, 501 1/2 St. Office, 70 Polham St.

O. O. Box 161. Residence, 100 Church St.

614

ORANGES,

DATES,

FIGS,

Nuts,

At the very lowest possible prices.

Also

Canaries

—AND—

Brass Cages.

W.F. Williamson,

295 Thames Street.

CHAS. P. AUSTIN,

Stone Cutter, Monumental and Building

Work,

Cor. FARDWELL & WALNUT STS.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Water.

CALL PERSONS, desiring to have water

connected to their residences or place

business, should make application at our

Office, 100 Broad St., or at the

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Furniture.

New Carpets

—AND—

Wall Papers.

We are daily receiving new carpets

and wall papers and are pre-

pared to show a

fine line of

New Patterns.

Prices as low as

Anywhere.

W. C. COZZENS & CO.,

138 Thames St.

A NEW LINE OF

CARPETS

—AT—

M. Cottrell's.

NEW STYLES IN

Chamber Furniture

NEW LINE OF

PAPER HANGINGS.

Furniture of all Descriptions,

Carpets, Oil Cloths and

Mattings.

M. COTTRELL,

COTTRELL BLOCK,

11-12 Next to the Post Office.

CLOSING OUT

SPRING STOCK

at a discount.

Great bargains in

Baby Carriages

—AT—

Brver's

Furniture Rooms,

156 THAMES STREET.

Chamber Suits,

Mattresses,

Feather Pillows,

J. W. HORTON & CO.'S,

42 CHURCH ST.

UPHOLSTERING

—AND—

MATTRESS WORK,

in all its branches.

NEWPORT

STONE WORKS.

H. G. BURNS, Prop'r.

GRANITE WORK

of every description, including all kinds of

BUILDING & MONUMENTAL

WORK.

A good stock of BLUE STONE, constantly on

hand.

42 Long Wh., foot Whittier Ave,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Old Solace

Whiskey.

Sold in bulk, also in white and blue glass

bottles holding full quart.

Windmill

HOLLAND GIN,

Sold in bulk, also in imported white glass

bottles holding 1 qt. and 1/2 pt. (Imperial measure)

For sale by

Dennis W. Sheehan,

Sole Agent for Newport.

11-12

The Berlin Iron Bridge Co.

OF EAST BERLIN, CONN.

—Can Sell You a—

GOOD IRON OR STEEL ROOF.

For 2 1/2 to 3 per sq. foot.

Write for Particulars.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell 72 World's Fair

Photographs in bulk

form; can make good wages—Outfit 40 cents.

Globe Lithographing & Printing Co.

12-23

610 Ashland Block, CHICAGO.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends

that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1913, my place

of business will be No. 13 Market Square. Any

one who has a business or parcels will please

call for them here.

I shall have larger premises and will buy and

sell second-hand furniture and antiques.

ROOGE BARONE, and Son, Wash.

MARY A. TUPPER

IN A WOMAN'S PRISON.

Restored to Her Husband at Wilton,

Me., After Months of Suffering.

(Special to our readers.)

Women's prisons are not always built of

iron bars and solid masonry. It is easy to

shut women up from

the beautiful, joyous

world without these

means.

Mrs. Mary A. Tupper

has been released

from the custody of ex-

trême female weak-

ness and nervousness

which kept her a prisoner in bed, unable

to walk.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound went to the root of her trouble,

and gave her the liberty of health, so that after

taking two bottles she was able to go out

of doors and surprise her husband and

friends by her rapid improvement.

She says: "Women should beware of

lizziness, sudden faintness, backache, ex-

trême lassitude and depression. They are

danger signals of female weakness, or

some derangement of the uterus or womb.

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

ound, and be thankful for your life as I

am. It only costs a dollar to try it, and

the result is worth millions. Ask some

druggist about it."

THE KOAL-SPAR CO.,

51 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

General Agent, JAMES A. HANNAH,

128 A. Street, N. Newport, R.I.

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H. J. GORDON & CO.,

111 South Main St.,

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Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire

line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be

found in the city, at prices that are

unusually low. This is due to the fact

that we have received a large shipment

of goods from the West, and we are

able to sell them at a great discount.

Our goods are of the best quality, and

we guarantee them to be so. We are

able to sell them at a great discount

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